

A N

E L E G I E

On the Death of the Most Serene MAJESTY of

HENRIETTA-MARIA,

THE

Queen-Mother of Great Britain, &c.

Licensed and Entered according to Order.

AS on the Martial-Plain We slightly view
 The Fate of common Souls ; but if a few
 Commanders, or the Chieftain of the Field
 Be to the Fatal Stroak compell'd to yield,
 Then what a Grief's dispers'd through all the Camp?
 The Army's smitten with a general Damp.
 So, What a Sable Cloud hangs o're the Day
 That tells Us *Our Great QUEEN* is snatcht away?
 How *Subjects* are concern'd t' have understood
 Death dares attempt to touch at *Royal Blood*?
 But what great Poet's Genius can devise
 Upon Her Tombe a decent Sacrifice?
 Whose Glories doe exceed a Mortal Pen,
 As much as Gods do momentany Men.
 Let then *Melpomene*, nay All the Nine
 Conceive so rare a Fancy, so Divine,
 As may compose a sad Heroick-Verse
 Worthy to wait upon Her Sacred Herse:
 While the Cœlestial *Nymphs* and *Graces* will
 A Tear upon Her holy Dust distill;
 And great *Apollo* with his Heavenly Quire
 Her Threnodie will tune unto his Lyre.
 That flattering Art which Poets use, to save
 Declining Reputations in the Grave,

Is needles here, Since no *Hyperbole*
 Can figure out how great Her Merits be;
 And busie *Chronicles* can say no more
 Than what Her *Fame* hath told the World before.
 When those poor Rebell-wretches (Sinners, who
 Are right like Those that know not what they do,)
 Proclaim'd her *Traitor*, How did they proclaim
 In that Her Loyal and Her matchless Name!
 Who for Her *Sovereign-Husband* did Her Life
 Expose, as *loyal Subject*, and as *Wife*;
 Crossing the dangerous Seas, that She might bring
 Treasure t' accommodate Her Lord the KING.
 And when rude Cannons by a ruder Hand
 Pursu'd Her Majesty arriv'd at Land,
 Then Her Spectators clearly understood
 Th' undaunted Courage of Her *Mighty Blood*.
 So *Penthesilea* th' *Amazonian* Dame
 Before the *Trojans* won Immortal Fame.
 No *Hippocratea* or the *Turtle Dove*
 More Constant was in *Hymenean-love*.
 But on each *Virtue* to dilate is meet
 For Volumns, not a Page or single Sheet:
 Let it suffice, Her *CONSORT* now and *SHEE*
 Are Crown'd together to *Eternity*.

LONDON, Printed by and for Thomas Ratcliffe, and Thomas Daniel, and are to be sold at their House in
 New-street, betwixt Shooe-lane and Fetter-lane. 1669. 58.